

*The Historie of*

Hee made a blushing citall of himselfe,  
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,  
As if he mastred there a double spirit  
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:  
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,  
If he out-live the enuie of this day,  
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,  
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

*Hot.* Coosen, I thinke thou art enamored  
On his follies: neuer did I heare  
Of any Prince so wilde at libertie:  
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,  
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,  
That he shall shrink vnder my curtesie.  
Arme, arme with speed, and fellow's souldiers, friends,  
Better consider what you haue to doe,  
Thar I that haue not well the gift of tongue,  
Can lify your blood vp with perswasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Lord, here are Letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot read them now.

O, Gentlemen, the time of life is short;  
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long:  
If life did ride vpon a Dials poynt,  
Still ending at the arriual of an houre,  
And if we liue, we line to treed on Kinges,  
If die, braue death, when Princes die with vs.  
Now for our Consciences, the Armes is faire,  
When the intent for bearing them is iust.

*Enter another.*

*Mess.* My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

*Hot.* I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:  
For I professie not talking, onely this,  
Let each man doe his best; and here draw I a Sword,  
Whose temper I intend to staine  
With the best blood that I can meet withall,  
In the aduventure of this perilous day.  
Now esperance Percy, and set on,  
Sound all the lostie instruments of Warre,  
And by that musicke, let vs all imbrace.

*For*

*Henric the*

For heauen to earth, some of vs  
A second time do such a curtesie

*Here they embrace, the Trumpet  
power, alarme to the Battell  
Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that  
What honour dost thou seeke v

*Dow.* Know then, my name is  
And I doe haunt thee in the Bar  
Because some tell me, that thou

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Dowg.* The Lord of *Staffford*  
Thy likenesse, for in stead of th  
This Sword hath ended him, so  
Veleffe thou yeeld thee as a Pri

*Blunt.* I was not borne to ye  
And thou shalt find a King tha  
Lord *Staffords* death.

*They fight, Dowglas kills Bl*

*Hot.* O Dowglas, hadst thou  
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Sc

*Dowg.* Als done, als won, he

*Hot.* Where?

*Hot.* This, Dowglas? no, I kn  
A gallant Knight he was, his na  
Semblably furnisht like the Ki

*Dowg.* Ah foole, goe with th  
A borrowed title hast thou bo  
Why didst thou tell me, that th

*Hot.* The King hath many

*Dowg.* Now by my Sword,  
He murder all his Wardrope p  
Vntill I meete the King.

Our Souldiers stand full fairely

*Alarme, enter Falst*

*Fals.* Though I could scap  
shot here, here's no scoring bu  
you? Sir *Walter Blunt*, there's ho